Suitide

It's cold emptiness reflects emptiness.
The water's gone.
Just space killing time,
Flat grey misty,
Blurred at the edges.
Sand sky me, me sand sky.
Who's who, what's what?
Indistinct, shadows of their former selves.
They should have told me,
But the tide will turn,
And all will be one with the sea.

AM Horne